THE FVRIES:

WITH

VERTVES ENCOMIVM:

OR,

The Image of Honour.

In two Bookes of Epigrammes, Satyricall and Encomiaſticke.

By *R. N.*

Virtus eſt, vitium fugere.

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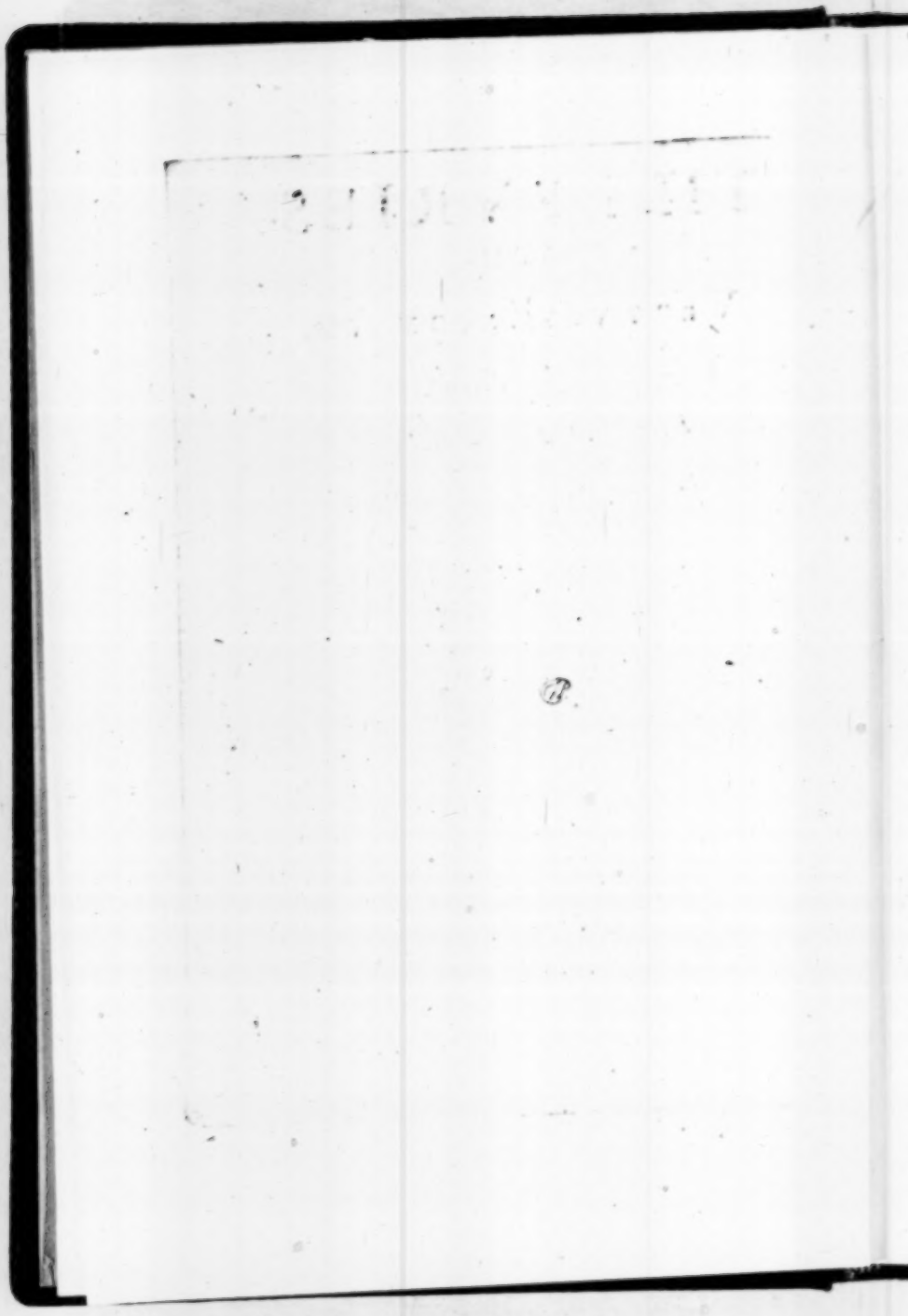

TO THE RIGHT

VVorſhipfull and generous diſ-poſed (follower of vertue and fauourer of learning) Sir TIMOTHIE THORNHIL *Knight.*

MY Muſe inſor'ſt by Fortunes firſt extreame,
To leaue the Eden of my ſoules deſire,
Which *Iſis* waters with her ſiluer ſtreame,
Vnto my natiue Thames did backe retire;
Where maz'd to ſee ſo many various ſhapes,
Of wanton vice, the Furies ſhe doth raiſe
With ſnakie whips to ſcourge ſuch idle Apes,
But leaſt ſhe proue to weake in theſe eſſayes
(Faire Plant of hope) ſome branch of ſafetie yeild,
Vpon the which my forlorne Muſe may lite,
And if for vertues ſake you deigne to sheild,
Her poore endeuours 'gainſt the powr'e of ſpight;
More pleaſing numbers, ſhe too light ſhall bring,
Though hoarſe with griefe, ſhe now can hardly ſing.

Your VVorſhips

humbly deuoted

R. N.

To the Reader.

MAny idle humoriſts, whoſe ſingularity allowes nothing good, that is common, in this frantik age, eſteeme of verſes vpon which the vulgar in a Stationers Shop, hath once breathed as of a peece of infection, in whoſe fine fingers no papers are holeſome, but ſuch, as paſſe by priuate manuſcription; Others becauſe to many impudent Poetaſters, that can ſcarce read a Verſe, doe daily peſter the Printers Preſſe with their paltries, will without trial, eyther for diſlike of the title, diſtaſt of the Authors name, or ſome ſuch idle ſcruple, cenſure anie mans endeuours with: Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere; For the firſt of theſe, I leaue them to the curious conceit of the cloſe Cabinet: the laſt I would haue to know, that Hic nihil inuitâ dicam, faciamue Mineruâ. To him, who out of a ſeeming ſeueritie, diſtaſtes all thinges, that ſauour not of grauitie, and ſayes Epigrammes are toyes vnworthie eyther his expence of time or ſuſpence of opinion. I anſwer, & in ipſo ioco, aliquid probi ingenij lumen eluceat; Yet I confeſſe, theſe to bee Epigrams and but ſlight; in placing of which, for that I obſerue no method or order, if his auſteritie, out of ignorance, doe cauill with me, I referre him to the Prince of all writers in this kind Val. Martialis. I deſire the impartial Reader, to know, that for the follies of ſuch and the like, I

heere

To the Reader.

heere innocate the Furies, who in the first part of this Pamphlet, alternatly succeed in the scourg of vanitie; to the last part I reserve you in his proper place; wishing all vertuous Gentlewomen, either to passe ouer my Furies, as impertinent to their sex or mildly to censure, or at least not misconstrue my intent: if question be made, why I make three parts of the first part, and but one of the last; because the best of vs hath three partes of vice, for one of vertue, briefly I craue. but that the simplicitie of my intent may be free from the malignitie of interpretation, in all other thinges I submit my selfe to censure.

Epig.

THE FVRIES.

Epig. I.

In Authoris intentionem.

NO man be captious, my aduice preuent him,
Who firſt excepts, my Furies, will torment him;
Yet they from guilt of priuate grudge are free,
No man; but vice in man is taxt by me;
None of my lines, detraction doth compoſe,
To make men laugh, I play with no mans noſe:
Nor doe I ſcandal any great mans name,
So to loſe libertie for idle fame.
Breife, not obſcure, plaine: yet obſcœne I write not,
Pleaſant, not wanton, ſharpe and yet I bite not.

Epig. II.

Ad Poetarum nomine dignos.

VVIts rareſt wonders, men of moſt import,
Of all the skilful Clearkes in Natures Court)

I ſhow them,
That ... may the better know them;
The ſtraine, which my Satyrique Muſe doth ſing,
Fits not the pinion of an Eagles wing;
Excuſe me then, if that theſe lines be looſe,
The pen was but the pinion of a Gooſe.

Epig. III.
Ad Lectorem maſ.

READer) the Furies, if thou faultleſſe bee,
Bid thee not vntruſt, they wip not thee;
If thou be faultie, let it not offend thee,
Heere to vntruſſe; this whipping may amend thee.

Epig. IIII.
Ad Lectorem fœm.

THe Furies, by your fingers daintie touch,
Doe know your gentle ſex, and maruell much
You'le come in danger of their ierking rimes,
Perhaps they thought to paſſe your pettie crimes,
In hope your faire would bring forth no foule deed;
Yet in faire fruit, ſince wormes doe ſooneſt breed,
They bid that you your ſelues with patience arme,
A little whipping will doe you no harme.

Epi-

Epig. V.

Ad Librum.

LEt not his dreadfull cenſure feareful make thee,
Who ſcarſe can read; yet in his hand will take thee,
And with an humerous humh, a nod, a no,
Will ſay this ſlight, this ſcuruie, this ſo ſo.
Nor his, who reading thee with eye-browes knit,
Contracting to his brain the whole worlds wit,
As out of deeper iudgment thee diſdaining,
Will caſt thee downe, and leaue thee thus complaining,
Tuſh 't hath no pith, tis harſh and yet to plaine,
I loath theſe lines, that ſauour not of braine;
Feare neyther theſe, ner partially ſpare thoſe,
Whom to the Furies whips thou canſt expoſe,
What can they doe; thou doing my deſire?
They can but caſt my rod into the fire.

Meſſo

Alecto.

EPIG. VI.

Ad Alecto.

COme ſad Alecto leaue thy diſmall cell,
And bring thy ſnake-heard ſiſters vp from hell,
Firſt take thy turne, doubt not the want of worke,
I will preſent thee thouſand ſinnes to ierke;
But be no partiall Furie, doe not ſpare
This man for wealth, that woman for her fare,
This gull for cheere, that foole for his fine cloathes;
This for his lookes, that other for his oathes;
Ierke generall ſinne, that it may heere be ſeene,
Alecto ſcourges none for priuate ſpleene.

EPIG. VII.

In Syrenem.

T'Is ſtrange to ſee a Mermaide, you will ſay,
Yet not ſo ſtrange, as that I ſaw to day,
One part of that which 'boue the waters riſe,
Is woman, th' other fiſh, or fiſhers lies.
One part of this was man or I miſtooke,

The

The other woman, for I pray (ſirs) looke,
The head is mans, I iudge by hat and haire,
And by the band and doublet it doth weare,
The bodie ſhould be mans, what doth it need?
Had it a codpeice, 'twere a man indeed.

Epig. VIII.

In Caluienem.

Sir *Caluines* haire did ſhed not long agoe,
And on his head grew thin; but will you know,
How 'tis of late ſo thicke and comely growne,
Why, he but mockes the world, 'tis not his owne,
To women he gaue his, then is it ſtrange,
If he weare theirs? no, 'tis an honeſt change.

Epig. IX.

In pecuniæ penuriam.

MOne I for monie, is the common crie;
Yet yong and old men both can tell you why,
When man is yong, he ſpends vpon his pleaſures,
When man is old, he hoords vp golden treaſures,
Out of the yong mans ſchoole of Venerie
The old man learnes his art of Vſurie;

Then

Then in each age, ſince monie firſt was knowne;
This is the cauſe that men for monie mone,
Yong men doe ſpend all; therefore yong men want,
Old men doe hoord all: therefore monies ſcant.

EPIG. X.

In Fabium.

BEhold the little great man, *Fabius* comes,
Litle in wit and great in wealthie ſummes;
But why doth wealthie *Fabius* walke alone,
When many men for ſeruice make ſuch mone,
That the weſt gate of Paules great Ile (poore hearts)
In paper daily ſpeakes their better parts?
T'is ſaid, his legges that garter-loaded reeles,
And very ſhooe-ties fright men from his heeles,
This then the cauſe Paules gate for ſeruice begs,
Fabius weares ſeruingmen vpon his legs.

EPIG. XI.

In artem, fortunam, & ignorantiam.

VVHen Fortune fel on ſleep, & hate did blind her,
Art Fortune loſt, and ignorance did find her,
Since when dull ignorance with Fortunes ſtore,
Hath bin enricht, and Art hath ſtill bin pore.

In

Epig. XII.

In Vertumnum.

STay (my *Vertumnus*) whether doſt thou goe,
To thy chaſt Miſtris, whoſe true heart doth know.
No loue but thine? O ſoole to thinke that ſhee
Will keep from others; what ſhe giues to thee,
Here could I tel thee of her ſtrange deſire,
Her trickes to ſet the coldeſt hearts on fire,
But leaſt by laying open ſuch foule crimes,
I rather ſeeme to teach, then checke the times.
Know this, the beſt, that is, or 'ere hath beene
Of common women is no better then
Such common things, at which (pho ſtop thy noſe
Each french-ſicke ſtallion may put downe his---

Epig. XIII.

In Romam.

HAte & debate, *Rome* through the world hath ſpred,
Yet *Roma Amor* is, if backward read;
Then 'iſt not ſtrange *Rome* hate ſhould foſter? no,
For out of back-ward loue, all hate doth grow.

EPIG. XIIII.

In Curionem.

TIs ſaid, when *Ruſus* Englands King did raigne,
When vnto him a ſeruant of his traigne
A paire of ſtockings of a mark did bring;
That then he ſaid, why theſe are for a King;
But liu'd he now, to ſee ſir *Curio* hold
Both wollen, ierſie, ſilke, all ſlite but gold;
What then? I thinke, his crowne, if he were here
Should ſtil be gold, his ſtockings woollen were;
Why then are *Curioes* legs with gold ore ſpread?
I thinke, becauſe, he hath a woollen head.

EPIG. XV.

In Ebrionem.

SEE where *Don Ebrio* like a Dutchman goes,
Yet drunk with Engliſh Ale, one would ſuppoſe,
That he would ſhoulder clowne each dore and wal;
But they muſt ſtand, or he (poore foole) muſt fal,
Well home at length he comes and on his bed,
He layes him downe to reſt his drink-drowned-head.
But in the morne, the drunken feuor paſt,
Waking he feeles his pocket all in haſt,
And finding there no pennie of that ſtore
Which in his purſe, he had, the night before,

Vnto

Vnto himſelfe then ſoberly alone,
He ſoftly ſighes, and ſaies his moni's gone.

Epig. XVI.

In Amorem.

Loue hath two diuers winges, as louers ſay,
Thou following him, with one, he flies away,
With th'other, if thou flie, he followes thee;
Therefore the laſt, loue only vſe for me.

Epig. XVII.

In Odoriferum.

GReat *Alexanders* bodie, which is ſtrange,
Perfum'd his cloathes, as oft, as he did change:
But *Odorifero* ſayes, that's nothing rare,
In euery place he comes, into the ayre
His body all about ſweet odors throwes,
Nay more, he ſweates pure Ciuet as he goes,
Yet you ſhal find, vncaſe him to the skin,
Though he ſmel ſweet without he---.

Epig. XVIII.

In Criticum.

SOme *Critick* in a ſpleene, himſelfe farre prouder
Will aske, why Gentlewomen with ſweet pouder
Sprinkle their haire; but pray, let me alone,
Ile anſwere him, this haire not being their owne,
But combings bought, might peraduenture be
Of ſome vnholeſome head, thus then you ſee,
Why women vſe this odoriferous duſt;
Let *Critticks* then be dumbe, their cauſe is iuſt.

Epig. XIX.

In Procos.

VVHo woes a wife, thinks wedded men do know
The only true content, I thinke not ſo,
If woe in woers be that women court,
As the word woe, in woers doth import
And woe in women too, that courted bee,
As the word woe, in women we doe ſee,
I thinke 'tis better lead a ſingle life;
Then with this double woe, to woe a wife.

Epig. XX.

A Poore neglected Scholler, whoſe chiefe good
Was all he bore about him, vnderſtood
A friend of his, to be in ſuch a place,
To whom he went, who gaue him kind imbrace.
And ſpake his worth, intreating all his friends
To doe the like, to which all condiſcends,
Except one cald *All out ſides*, who wil paſſe
The ſtreets with none, but ſome ſilke-grogren Aſſe,
And he in anger, after many oathes,
(For he could ſweare) bad him get better clothes
Then come to them againe, adding this ſcoffe,
The ſchollers ſtuffe is like, ſtand farther off,
Thus ignorant *All out ſides* thinkes of arts,
The Taylor now giues man his better parts.

Epig. XXI.

In Lenam.

L*Ena* being yong could neuer haue her fill
Of loues ſweet ſower: now old, ſhe loues it ſtill;
And therefore yong, of yong men ſhe tooke gold,
That ſhe might giue to yong men, being old.

Epig. XXII.

In Fuſcum.

Fuſcus is turn'd a Player; for in rage,
He lately left his function for the ſtage;
In hope to out-act *Roſcius* in a Sceane,
In care of which, the fellowe's growne ſo leane,
That all men pitie him; but *Fuſcus* know,
Players doe now as plentifully grow,
As ſpawne of Frogs in March; yet euermore
The great deuoure the leſſe; be wiſe therefore,
Procure thou ſome commendatorie letter
For the Burthmothos, 'tis a courſe farre better.

Epig. XXIII.

WOmen thinke women, far more conſtant bee,
Then we men, and the letter O we ſee
In women, not in we men, as they ſay,
Figures earthes conſtant orbe, we men ſay, nay,
It meanes the Moon, which proues, none think it ſtrange
Women are conſtant and moſt true in ----.

Epig. XXIIII.

TWiſe twentie dayes of lamentable lent,
Why goes *All Colours* like a mal-content.

Clad all in black, ſome thinke thereby to ſhow,
His ſorrow for his ſins, tuſh, 'tis not ſo,
Fleſh then forbidden, his all ſable back,
Mournes for his belly fortie dayes in black.

Epig. XXV.

In Malbellam.

Miſtris *Malbella* beares away the bell,
And doth more holland, Lawne and cambrick ſell,
Then all her neighbours, not becauſe her ſtall
Shewes better ware, or boyes doe lowder call,
What lack yee Gentlemen? but for her faire
Is farre prefer'd before their better ware;
For no ſpur-gingle gentle *Paphian* Knight,
Walkes by her ſent-ſweet ſhop for his delight,
Will paſſe, if ſhee be obiect of his eye,
She abſent, boyes may ſay, what will you buy?
What lack you? but in vaine, monie appeares not,
Gallants are deafe, cuſtome goes by and heares not,
No ware's there vendible, or worth a ruſh,
Except *Malbella* be the luie buſh.

Epig. XXVI.

In Druſum & Furionem.

Furio would fight with *Druſus* in the field,
Becauſe the ſtraw ſtout *Druſus* will not yeeld,

On

On which their Miſtris trod, they both did meet,
Druſus in fight fell dead at *Furies* feet;
One had the ſtraw, but with it this Greeke letter, Π
The other loſt it, pray, who had the better?

Epig. XXVII.

In Battum.

Battus chiefe Mimmicke of the times quaint Apes,
Who ſhifts not ſhirts, more oft, then he doth ſhapes,
Frequents great ſtates and vainly doth ſurmiſe,
That mongſt faire Ladies, hee's reputed wiſe,
But as the caske, hath euer noted bin
To ſound moſt, hauing only ayre within,
So thou art knowne, although thou ſeemeſt gay,
Deckt with an others plumes; but painted iay.
If they were pluckt away, thou would'ſt haue none,
And my *ſic vos non vobis* would be knowne.

Epig. XXVIII.

In Priſcum.

MOngſt the *Monopoliſts* on *Londons* Burſſe,
Priſcus was ta'ne for cutting of a purſſe,
And being reuild', made this bold queſtion, why,
Are theſe *Monopoliſts* excuſ'd, ſince I
Did cut but one mans purſe, why they cut all?
But thus we ſee, the weakeſt goes to'th wall?

Epig.

Epig. XXIX.

In Curuum detractatorem.

Curuus thou ſaiſt, that I doe cur-like looke,
That fawnes on men, when I doe giue a booke,
But *Curuus* aſſe-like thou, haſt not the wit
To vnderſtand, much leſſe to cenſure it,
Elſe thou would'ſt know, each booke I giue's a bone
For ſuch curſt curres, as thee to gnaw vpon.

Epig. XXX.

To the ſame right worſhipfull Sir Timothie Thornhill.

MY Muſe caſt off, at good hap firſt did flie,
On wings of Hope, good hap did ſoare to high;
But when my Muſe too feeble was of wing
I thought to whiſtle her off; but late did ſpring
A meaner chance, at that I made my game;
But whether at the ſource ſhe tooke the ſame,
Or in the ramage no performance made,
I know not well, good hope ſtill giues her aide,
Yet ſtil I doubt, but, gentle Sir, reade on,
This cannot be diſcuſt, while you haue done.

Tiſiphone.

Tisiphone.

TO THE LEARNED AND vertuous Gentleman my Worſhipfull *good friend Maſter Chriſtopher* Oſborne.

THe ſcourge of Carthage and Auguſtus *were*
Two pillers of great Rome and taught her how
To make the World beneath her Empire bow;
Yet they ſometimes would ſtate affaires forbeare
Their Enius *and their* Maroes *Muſe to heare,*
Whoſe tunefull verſe did ſmooth cares ruged brow,
Which cuſtome ſince thoſe Worthies did allow.
Be pleaſed (Sir) to lend a gentle eare
Vnto my Muſe, and ceaſe ſome little ſpace
From ſerious ſtudies worthie pretious time,
To graveſt readers verſe is no diſgrace,
Good wits reape good by reading idle rime,
But ſmile on theſe with gentle entertaine,
And they perhaps will cauſe you ſmile againe.

THE FVRIES.

Epig. I.

Ad Lectorem.

IF that you pleaſe read on; yet reade not one,
Nor two, nor three, but all, elſe pray read none.

Epig. II.

Ad Tiſiphonem.

NIghts ſecond birth by th' *Acherontike* Lake,
Who from the ſcourge of ſin thy name doſt take,
Vp, for thou haſt not on *Cocytus* ſtrand,
More cauſe to ſhake thy euer burning brand
Againſt the gyant brood of ſin, then here,
Obſerue them well, Ile cauſe them to appeare;
But ſcourge them ſo that this report may paſſe,
Tiſiphone no partiall Furie was.

Epi-

Epig. III.

VVHat haue we heere? a Citie-Dame? ſure no,
'Tis *Iones* own *Iris*, or ſhe ſhould be ſo.
How daintily the Raine-bow round diſpread
Vnder her light-Scotch hat becomes her her head,
It is a ſigne the weather will be faire,
To the new walkes, ſhe is gone to take the Aire:
But at that little gate how gets ſhe out,
Her head with ſuch a compaſſe archt about?
With much adoe; therefore theſe dames deſire
Great *London* wil build little Moregate higher.

Epig. IIII.

STand by my Maſters, wil yee be o're runne?
See yonder comes the Chariot of the Sunne,
How the fierce Horſes foame the coach-wheeles mount!
He driues like *Phaeton*: 'tis ſome great Count,
Tuſh, quoth another, you miſtake, inquire;
And you ſhal find your Count ſome pippen-ſquire:
His liuing is but ſmall; yet muſt he haue.
His horſe and coach, and he himſelfe go braue.
But what maintaines it? miſſe you not his men?
See you his Liueries? where are they then?
In his horſe mouthes, the men are all confin'd:
And with their Liueries his coach is lin'd.

Epi-

Epig. V.

In Durum.

A Friend of *Durus* comming on a day
To viſite him, finding the doores ſay nay
Being lockt faſt vp, firſt knockt and then did pauſe,
As Lord haue mercie on's had beene the cauſe;
But miſſing it, he askt a neighbour by,
When the rich *Durus* dores were lockt and why?
He ſaid it was a cuſtome growne of late,
At dinner time to locke your great mans gate.
Durus poore friend admir'd, and thought the doore
Was not for ſtate lockt vp; but 'gainſt the poore:
And thence departing emptie of good cheere
Said, Lord haue mercie on vs is not heere.

Epig. VI.

In Aquilam Romanam.

THat Eagles yet ſau'd *Rome* 'twas neuer knowne:
Then in *Romes* Enſigne, why is th' Eagle ſhowne?
Yet *Rome* by Geeſe, once free from thrall was ſet:
Then why doth thankleſſe *Rome* the gooſe forget?

Epig. VII.

In Gurmundum.

THe fat *Gurmundo*, great Idolater,
His belley 'fore his God doth far prefer,
His deare lou'd Idol is his ſtomack, that
In priuate eates vp ſo much fleſh and fat,
And his oblation common at that ſhrine
Is a fat Capon and a cup of wine,
Boyes laugh to ſee him wallow in the ſtreet
His Capon-fatted panch ouer his feet
Hanges Ciſterne like, and as 'tis ſaid he ſweares,
He hath not ſeene the cocke this many yeares;
Then hapleſſe thou that art *Gurmundes* hen,
And all that ſuffer vnder ſuch fat men.

Epig. VIII.

In Liuiam.

NOw lite-heel'd *Liuia*, whether trip it you,
Vnto the ſhop againe? pray, tel me true?
Will not that gallant ſir from whom you came,
Buy that ſet ruffe this morne, ſent by your dame?
He will not, well, although he doth not care
For your dames Laundrie; yet he loues your ware.

Epig.

Epig. IX.

In Baſiliſcum.

Suburbian Baſiliſcus in his looke
Beares ſignes of death, his eyes are murders bookes.
But what's the cauſe he lately goes ſo trim?
He keepes a Trul, or rather ſhe keepes him,
What is his function? or what hath he beene,
A man of armes? no, but of harmes, what then?
Some ſtile him Captaine for that bloudy deed,
When with his blade he made his friends heart bleed;
But in true valour know, no man is poorer,
He is no Captaine but a turn-bull roarer.

Epig. X.

In Blaſum.

NOr gold, nor ſiluer is in *Blaſus* purſe,
Nor hath he any creddit, which is worſe;
Yet thoſe gilt ſpurres, which *Blaſus* bootes adorne,
Sayes *Blaſus* at his heeles rich gold doth ſcorne.

Epig. XI.

In Pontium.

A Friend of mine with a loue feuor taken
To the faire roſe-cheekt *Pontia*, and forſaken,

Did

Did wiſh that I with mine owne eyes would proue
If any could diſlike, what he did loue,
I did, and as he ſaid, for face and feature,
Pontia at firſt did ſeeme an heauenly Creature;
But ſtrange to tel, this gold was copper gilt,
Comming abroad, her beautie all was ſpilt,
Blowne from her cheekes by the blind Garlick man;
Then lookt ſhe like deaths picture pale and wan,
My freind admir'd; but I did ſhew the reaſon:
Though to ſuch beauties, I doe know 'twas treaſon,
Yet they know wel, that any Fuſtilugges
May buy ſuch beautie in a ſhop of drugges;
Then courage friend quoth I for ſix pence coſt,
Thy beſt beloued may buy, what ſhe hath loſt;
With that loues feuor left him and he ſwore
Rather then loue ſuch drugges, hee'd loue a ----.

Epig. XII.

In mayittimos.

SOme ſay, that Sea men, more then land men loue.
Fond *Venus* ſports, and thus their ſaying proue,
Since *Venus* ſelfe came of the Seas light froth
Sea men are Veneriſis, and to ſay troth,
If as tis ſaid, the Seas light *Venus* bore,
Sea men doe ſmell of *Venus* on the ſhore.

Epig. XIII.

In Hillum.

MOor fields no more, ſhal now be Moor fields cal'd,
Hillus wel read before the ſame were wal'd;
Seeing the plough goe there did call to mind
A certaine propheſie, which he did find
In *Merlin*, which he ſaid, then came to paſſe,
Belieue it you that like it, this, it was:
When one whole yeare a Holiday ſhall laſt,
Moore fields ſhall ploughed be the ditch new caſt,
If this be true and as all men doe talke,
Their's on a holy-day ſcarce roome to walke,
Or if *Hill* ly'de; yet ſince the ſence is true,
London may well giue *Holliday* his due.

Epig. XIIII.

FEw gallants lately will, nor is it ſtrange,
Bargaine for needments in the new Exchange;
For on the ſtrand, the new ſtands bleake and cold,
And they are hot in credit with the old.

Epig. XV.

In Laſconem.

HOt-liue'rd *Laſco* with loues longing itches,
But what's the cauſe ſince he both yong and rich is,
That whom he woes, he wines not? I doe ſmell it,
And *Laſco* be not angrie if I tell it,
Thy face well featur'd is, ſo is thy noſe
Though ſomewhat crimſon, which thou doſt ſuppoſe
With Campher dayly daubing to amend;
But know this drug was neuer louers friend
Then, when to maids or widdowes thou art going
Leaue it, the ſmell of it doth ſpoile thy woing.

Epig. XVI.

In Orgum.

ORgus loues learning, yes, and will preſer it,
Vowes his aſſiſtance, true, I doe auer it;
Yet this I know, the marke, at which he ſhoots
Is but to make learning make cleane his boots.

Epig. XVII.

In Neponem.

Nepo that payes his hoſteſſe by poſt ſcoring,
And hath ſpent all to learne the art of roaring,
Would be obſerv'd: his qualities are many:
Drinke he can ſtiffely, bandy oathes with any,
Tel tales of bloud and wounds, roare, fight and ſtab,
Looke bigge, ſpeake bombaſt, dally with a drab.
All theſe good parts and more then theſe hath he;
Yet wants what he deſerues: but *Nepo* be
A good proficient in them, and outrunne
Thy fellow roarers, as thou haſt begunne,
And thou before them al maiſt haue this hap,
To crowne thy head with *Stories* corner cap.

Epig. XVIII.

Loue as 'tis ſaid, doth worke with ſuch ſtrange tooles,
That he can make fooles wiſe men, wiſe men fooles,
Then happie I! for being nor foole, nor wiſe;
Loue with his toyes and tooles I ſhall deſpiſe.

Epig. XIX.

WHat *Don* paſt by vs with ſuch complement?
Obſeru'd you not his ſtrange acoutrement?
His deep-ſet holland ruffe ſo high prefer'd
Aboue his chin, did hide his piked beard:
His cuffes about the riſt of eyther hand,
Were both as large and deep as any band
'Bout meane mens neckes: and as the faſhion's now
A ſugar loafe did crowne his brain-ſick brow.
His ſleeue vnto his arme ſat cloſe and ſcant,
As if his Countrie Engliſh wolle did want,
And wantonly he wore his deſperate ſpit.
In briefe, for faſhion, complement and wit,
The man ſo like a ſtranger did appeare,
I knew not whence he was; till drawing neare,
I found by his ſhort cloakes new Spaniſh cape,
'Twas *Don Penechio*, Spaines new Engliſh Ape.

Epig. XX.

WHen fan and fardingale came to carouſe
Milke with a milke-maid in a darie houſe,
Good Lord (ſaid ſhe) the milke pale ſtanding by
Rather then beare ſuch burthens I would die.
Yet (Miſtris) quoth the milke-maide, you can beare
Vpon your head an Aſſes load of heare.

Epig.

Epig. XXI.

In Miluam.

When *Milua* to diſgrace me cals me Poet,
Then *Milua* graces me and doth not know it;
For Kings and Prophets Poets haue beene ſtil'd.
Then *Milua*, ſince thy enuie is beguil'd
To grace me thus in thinking to abuſe me,
Still call me Poet and I will excuſe thee.

Epig. XXII.

IN tuneful'l accents of a doleſull ſraine
Old *Verlams* fall thus *Colin* did complaine:
Verlam I was; what boots it what I was
Sith now I am but weeds and waſtfull graſſe?
But liu'd he now to ſee our Townes each day
Made coats for ſheep: of them he thus might ſay,
Townes once we were: what boots it what we were
Since nothing now but ſheepes dung doth appeare?
Here's neyther greene of waſtfull weeds or graſſe,
Our wretched caſe is worſe then *Verlams* was.

Epig. XXIII.

In Malſanctum.

BEardleſſe *Malſanctus* many doe thee wrong,
To thinke thee ſo deuout, and yet ſo yong.
Doſt goe to lectures? I commend thee for it:
But wherefore? to what end? O I abhor it;
To ſhoot thy darts from a luſt-ſparkling eye,
Into the breaſt of ſome chaſt *Suſan* by.
Leaue it *Malſanctus*, marke how I aduiſe,
Leaue not the Church, but leaue this wicked guiſe.

Epig. XXIIII.

In Popæam.

TVrn-Bul *Popea* to her healths annoy
Made drunk at ſupper by a roaring boy,
Reeles through the ſtreet: at which an elder Sage,
Who neuer knew ſuch cuſtome in his age,
Admiring ſaid, I once, and, as I thinke,
But once did ſee a man thus drown'd in drinke,
But neuer woman. One that heard him vſe
This ſharpe reproofe, our women to excuſe,
Said, Sir, were this a woman that is drunke,
'Twere ſtrange indeed; but 'tis not, 'tis a punke.

Epig. XXV.

In Ocnum.

THe worſhipful Sir *Ocnus* deeds of pitie
Haue wonne him grace in Countrie and in Citie.
For the poore wife of many a man decaid
Hath taſted his free bountie: and 'tis ſaid
He leads a ſingle life, that he may giue
His almes to thoſe, that poore, yet wedded liue:
But they that thinke this Charitie, miſtake;
For know 'tis only for the womans ſake,
That in her husbands houſe by *Ocnus* planting,
The horne ofplentie growes, and nothing's wanting.

Epig. XXVI.

In Vindicem.

FOule is the bird, that wil defile his neſt;
Yet *Vindex* worſe then eyther bird or beaſt,
All women monſters euery where proclaimes:
Which to affirme the *Stagirite* he names,
Who ſayes they are imperfect Creatures all.
Then what doth *Vindex* his owne mother call?
A monſter? yes; then this muſt currant paſſe,
A monſter woman bore a monſtrous Aſſe.

Epig. XXVII.

SOme thinke, that naked vertue, which of yore
Was ſeene in women, is now ſeene no more.
I thinke not ſo: if vertue naked be,
In women, men, more vertue nere did ſee.
For doubtleſſe vertue being naked reſts
With much content in their all naked breſts.

Epig. XXVIII.

MAny wil ſay money will not increaſe
In any poore mans purſe, while we haue peace;
But let ſuch men complaine on peace no more,
I thinke our warres are hotter then before,
For both in men and women, this is knowne,
Surgeons ne're found more wounds to worke vpon.

Epig. XXIX.

In Syringam Panafugientem.

FRom rugged *Pan* though louely *Syrinx* fled,
Pretending ſo to ſaue her maidenhead;
Yet in the end the chaſter Nimph did ſtay
To be the pipe, when *Pan* would pleaſe to play.

Epig. XXX.

In Remum.

Remus doth kicke, becauſe I rub the ſoare,
Rayles at my labours, ſweares their fruit 's all chore,
And in his rage will write againſt me too,
As ſome ſuppoſe. I prethe *Remus* do:
The idle Drone hummes lowder then the Bee,
Yet hath no ſting. Can *Remus* then hurt mee ?

Megera.

TO THE WORSHIPFVLL AND worthie Gentleman, louer of Artes and Learning, Maſter THOMAS FISHER.

HE that is more, then what he ſeemes to bee,
Deriues his worth from no ſuch idle fame,
As faſhion only giues: that which we ſee
Of golden vanitie, is not the ſame
Which it appeares; and therefore I would find
One that hath more then what bare faſhion made,
That might without partialitie of minde
Proceed to cenſure that which heere is ſaid.
Then leauing thoſe, whoſe worth on vaine oſtent
Of golden outſides only doth depend;
To you (praiſe-worthie Sir) this part is meant.
This Furie to your cenſure I commend:
In reading which, if you no profit gaine,
You ſhall at leaſt find pleaſure for your paine.

THE

THE FVRIES.

Epig. I.

Ad Lectorem.

TWo Furies you haue paſt; therefore be glad,
And (Reader) yet if you no ierke haue had,
Boldly read on: if Vertue with you goe,
You may eſcape *Megeras* whip I know.

Epig. II.

Ad Megeram.

VP thou third daughter of ſad *Acheron*,
Earth more then pale *Auernus* now doth groне
Beneath hels tyrants, vp then, take thy ſtand,
Be readie with thy ſnakie ſcourge in hand
To ſtartle them: and as thou tak'ſt thy name
From hate of ougly vice, now ſhew the ſame.
Spare none (dread Virgin) ſo men title thee,
True Virgins neuer can corrupted bee.

Epig. III.

BY chance I met a thing vpon the way,
Which came from France at firſt as men did ſay:

It

It feign'd big lookes, yet had a womans face;
It ſtalkt it too, but with a womans pace;
And with a womans voyce it ſqueakt out oathes;
Had womans lockes and lookes, and womans cloathes,
Hat, band and bodies, periwig of heare,
Excepting bootes and ſpurres, all womens weare.
Wond'ring I askt what 'twas: one, that did eye it.
Said ſir, a gallant, or the cloathes belie it.
Muſing, that womans weare ſhould make a man,
To queſtion with this gallant I began:
But faith I found him, both in act and ſpeech
Woman in euery part, excepting breech.

Epig. IIII.

In Pontium.

YOung *Pontia* long lockt vp from ſight of all
By her old *Beco*, vnto minde did call
A wittie wile, th' old Fox to circumuent,
And know her loued *Parius* whole intent.
An aged Crone, that came with ſtaffe in hand
Bone lace to ſel, her mind did vnderſtand,
And at the next returne from *Parius* came
With more bone-lace to ſel, and in the ſame
A letter wrapt. *Pontius* good man ſtood by,
And askt his wife, which parcell pleaſ'd her eye:
That with the horned peaks, ſaid ſhe. He bought it
And with his owne hand to his wife he rought it,
Thus iealous *Beco* bought, ſuch was his hap,
Bone lace with hornes, to edge his owne night-cap.

Epig.

EPIG. V.

In Bibonem.

IF (*Bibo*) I doe tax thee heere at all,
Good fellowes ſtreight wil ſweare my inke was gall.
For while thy purſe can ſhew one croſſe of monie,
No fellow-friend of thine ſhall ſpend one pennie:
And when thou ſcarſe canſt ſit vpon thy ſtoole,
Thou drink'ſt vp all mens healthes. But know O foole
As if from friends thou wouldſt win death by ſtealth,
Thou drink'ſt thine own diſeaſe to their good health:
And for thy kind good will (kind hearted Aſſe)
When thou art dead, this Epitaph ſhall paſſe,
Here Bibo lies, whoſe loſſe few now doe mone,
Though drinking to their healths he loſt his owne.

EPIG. XI.

DVl *Dell* but one eye hath, and with that one
Sees more then many doe with two. For none
Lookes more aſquint at others good, then ſhe,
She enuies all, which that one eye doth ſee.
But *Dell*, to be a Chriſtian now begin:
Put out that eye, or put away that ſin.

EPIG. VII.

In Luponem.

CHurch-chaffring *Lupo* is an honeſt man,
Touch him with any fault no neighbour can,

Yet

Yet ſix impropriate liuings are his liuing;
His leauings to the Leuite in his giuing
Are pious deeds: and when rich *Lupo* writes
The falſe ſowne ſeeds of his wiues ſtolne delights,
Sole heire to all theſe liuings, when he dies;
Yet ſtill is wealthie *Lupo* counted wiſe:
For he did leaue, but what he ſhould haue done,
Improper liuings t'an improper ſonne.

Epic. VIII.

In Piſonem.

Piſo t'his wife in all things doth accord,
Except in this: He needs muſt be her Lord
And ſhe his ſlaue. To proue it, he wil draw
His argument from God and natures law:
He is the head, and ſhe muſt be the foot.
Good reaſon too. Then *Piſo* vrge her too't,
Humble her well and make her ſtoop to thee,
And thou perhaps in time all head maiſt bee.

Epic. IX.

VVHich of the Sages order ſhall I keepe;
The one of which did laugh, the other weepe
To ſee my new made, Sir, who yet ſmels freſh
Of Lenton ſchooles, euen the firſt day that fleſh
May be alow'd, ſeiſe the precoſtris, and
Out-acting famous *Roſcius* with his hand

Giue paſport to his phraſe appli'd vnfit
Coind in the mint of his own mother wit.
But chaffie ſtalkes of Corne their heads doe beare
High and aloft, whereas the fuller eare
Bowes humbly downe: he workes vpon this ground
Who is not, yet to ſome may ſeeme, profound,
And little reading ſerue, if in this caſe,
The bookes kinde *index* bee his common place.
But prethee *(Domine)* take heed in time,
Accept the counſell of my ruder rime.
Tis nere too late good actions to begin:
The Aſſe muſt lay aſide his borrow'd skin.
Backe to Parnaſſus, reade 'ore wiſdomes booke,
And let time giue thy youth a grauer looke:
Elſe heere thy life and learning both are doomb'd,
With thy yong credit to be cradle-toomb'd.

Epig. X.

ON earth Phiſitions are as gods of health.
O then, how happie is our Common-wealth,
In which ſo many yong Phiſitions been,
That they be gods, before that they be men!

Epig. XI.

In Poeticam & paupertatem.

Twixt Poetrie and pouertie is found
Congruitie in ſenſe as well as ſound.
The cauſe is this: when Poetrie did aime
Beyond blind fortunes flight to follow fame,

For-

Fortune tooke V. in Poetrie to place it
Twixt O. and E. with R. ſo to diſgrace it.
But Gramer did denie; then Fortune ſwore
In ſpight of Gramer Poets ſhould be poore.

Epig. XII.

In Tubrionem.

Tvbrio the termer, though a ruſtick Aſſe,
Will make the Court his fancies looking glaſſe,
And late a yellow band he carried downe
To make himſelfe more noted in the Towne.
On Sunday on he puts it, and, that all
The Ruſtickes might behold his yellow fall,
Loud gingling ſpurres he wore, to bid them ſtand
And view the faſhion of his yellow band.
But *Tubrio* next time lay thy ſpurres aſide;
Thy boots were only ſeene, thy band not ey'd.

Epig. XIII.

In Amorem.

LOue is a boy and ſubiect to the rod
Some ſay, but louers ſay he is a god.
I thinke that loue is neyther god nor boy,
But a mad braines imaginarie toy.

Epig. XIIII.

In Verrem.

BLunt *Verres* meeting with me in the ſtrand
Said, God be prayſed, holding vp his hand.

Why

Why friend, what is the matter, anſwer'd I:
O ſir ſaid he, as I was paſſing by,
Plutoes black Coach, for ſure the Coach was his,
From running over me did little miſſe.
This feare of his I checkt with ſome reproach,
And askt him why he thought 't was *Plutoes* Coach.
Foure fierie horſe, quoth he, which drew the ſame
Flew with it through the ſtreet like lightnings flame:
The driuer ſat before, necke like a Bull,
Grimme was his beard, his cap was like a skull,
And with a whip, which in his hand he had,
He laid about and laſht, as he were mad;
Three Furies ſate, Furies I thinke they were,
Within the Coach, whoſe heads with grizly heare
Were dreſt, or rather vndreſt, and withall
Toyes like *Meduſas* Snakes about did crall:
Their yellow coloured bands, and ſtrange attire,
About their necks, appear'd like wheeles of fire,
And on their cheekes, which glow'd with ſcarlet die,
And pappes made bare to euerie vulgar eye,
Blacke ſpecks and pimpels here and there were ſeene
As if their bodies had infected beene.
This was their faſhion, thus all three were ſhapt,
And glad I am that I from them eſcapt.
At this I ſmil'd, and bad my friend goe looke
What theſe three were, whom he for Furies tooke.

EPIG. XV.

In Gracchum.

GRacchus will ſweare all women are vnchaſt,
Yet *Gracchus* thou I thinke a woman haſt.

Vnto

Vnto thy mother, ſay then, what was ſhee?
O you are ſilent now, wel this muſt be;
Or women all muſt be vnchaſt no more
Or *Gracchus* muſt be th'of-ſpring of a ——.

Epig. XVI.

VVIll you know how we Engliſh men excell
All other Nations? euery one can tell,
Time and occaſion out of all the reſt,
Hath doubtleſſe made an Engliſh man the beſt.
His head and neck are Spaniſh; for his hat
And ruffe vnto the World can witneſſe that.
His back is french, clad in their court quaint weeds:
His belly German; for with them he feeds:
His breech Venetian, greedie in delight:
His legs are dutch, that cannot goe vpright:
He then I thinke is beſt, ſince all theſe can
Hardly make vp a perfect Engliſh man.

Epig. XVII.

A Friend and I conſorting on the way,
In midſt of Cheap vpon a working day,
Spide a faire painted picture, as we thought,
Vpon a ſtall, ſet to be ſo'd and bought.
But marke our groſſe miſtake, when we drew neare
To veiw the ſame, it plainly did appeare
By knocking thoſe light heeles againſt the bench,
'T was no dead picture, but a liuely wench.

Epig. XVIII.

In Lidiam.

Lidia though village bred and meanly borne,
Yet made my Ladies Chamber-maide doth ſcorne
Al but the Court, your Citie Sea-cole aire
Is foggie groſſe, and ſ oile, her cheeſe greene faire,
She layes that London dames are dull not witdie,
Nor fancies ſhe the faſhions of th Cittie:
Therefore all Citie ſutors woe in vaine,
The learned Courtier hardly may obtaine
Faire *Lidias* loue, but wherefore? I can tell her,
She loues his Lordſhips yeoman of the celler.

Epig. XIX.

In nigrum,

I Prethe *Niger* leaue to play the Ape,
In this quaint age, *Chaucers* miſcenſtru'd iape
Is not ſo ſordid, as each common ieſt
Which thou doſt parbreake; thou art growne a gueſt
Moſt cumberſome to friends, thy ieſts are gall,
Yet rather then looſe one, thou'lt looſe them all;
But *Niger* take good heed, leaſt with ſome friend,
Thou ieſt away thy wit, too in th' end.

Epig. XX.

IN time of peace, the wiſemans counſel is,
To practiſe martiall feates, and we in this,

The

The garland to our Engliſh *Hanns* muſt yeeld:
Who daily traines good fellowes for the field:
The bloud-red lettice tauerne is the plot,
Which for a *campus Martius Hanns* hath got;
The Vintners luie buſh for theſe affaires
The enſigne is, to which his men repaires
His Drums and Fifes are Fiddles, Sagbuttes are
His Trumpets, thus begins his deſperate warre;
Fiue in a ranke in ſtead of ſmaller ſhot
Play with Tobacco Pipes, whoſe vapour hot
Heating the head, hid all in cloudes of ſmoke,
Doth with high valour eytherſide prouoke;
Then eagerly inſtead of Cannos roare,
The pottle pots doe thunder on the floare;
Hanns brauely brings them on, pel-mel they cloſe;
Then on the boord the bloud-like licour flowes,
Heere one drops downe an other there doth fall,
Heere one as wounded, leanes againſt the wall,
But *Hanns* ſtill leader-like doth courage crie,
Till they about him all like dead men lie,
And he in his own head now wounded ſore,
Is carried from the fight, let none therefore
Slight valiant *Hanns*, more men to death doe yeeld
In *Hanns* his battailes, then in *Mars* his field.

EPIG. XXI.

In Fortunam.

'MOngſt Ethnickes *Fortune* was a Deitie,
'Mongſt Chriſtians 'tis a groſſe impietie,
To thinke it any powre, if any ill
Betide a man, 'tis his his owne wicked will

Was cauſe of it; if any good, t'is knowne
'T is from aboue: then Fortune there is none,
'T is but a word of idle wits creation
And fauours fooles but in imagination.

EPIG. XXII.

In nomen ſuum.

RIch heart of *Richard*, as the *Saxons* ſay,
Is th' Etymologie: an other way
Is hard and rich. But ſome from this I feare,
Hard to be Rich, the name of *Richard* beare.

EPIG. XXIII.

In Papam Rom.

ROme cals her Biſhop *Papa*, of a Father:
We Engliſh cal him Pope, of *Popa* rather.
Popa a bloudie Sacrificer is
Or greedie glutton; therefore not amiſſe:
Since he ſtill ſacrifices for our fall,
A Pope, not *Papa*, Engliſhmen him call.

EPIG. XXIIII.

SOme the word wanton fetch, though with ſmall skill,
From thoſe, that want one to effect their will,
If ſo, I thinke that wantons there are none,
For till the World want men, can they want one?

EPI-

Epig. XXV.

AMongſt the pack of knaues, which is the chiefe;
Your breaker, broker, vſurer, or theef?
I know, thta many men your thiefe will ſay;
For in this age, your great rich wiſe man may
Breake, yet be whole and compleat as before:
Whereas your thiefe, a thiefe is euermore.
Thus from your *thiefe the breaker th' odds muſt haue*,
To be your wiſe, rich, great and compleat knaue.

Epig. XXVI.

FRom impure mouthes, now many beare the name
Of Puritan, yet merit not the ſame.
This one ſhall only be my Puritan,
That is a knaue; yet ſeemes an honeſt man.

Epig. XXVII.

IS that great deed of *Edgar*, Englands glorie,
To be approu'd: who as we reade in ſtorie
Deſtroi'd this Kingdomes wolues; becauſe that they
Deuour'd our ſheep? ſure yes: yet ſome ſay nay,
Wiſhing we had no other wolues; for then
Wolues did eate ſheep: but ſheep now eat vp men.

Epig. XXVIII.

VVOman mans ſhadow is, lone is the Sunne,
Now in the Sunne, if man his ſhadow ſhunne;
It followes him: but if he follow it,
It then ſhuns him and ſhewes his want of wit.

Epig. XXIX.

In mortis timorem.

HOw baſe hath ſinne made man to feare the thing,
That men call *Mors*; which, yet hath loſt all ſting,
And is but a priuation, as we know,
Nay is no word, if we exempt the O.
Then let good men the feare of it defie,
All is but ô when they ſhall come to die.

Epig. XXX.

In Scyllam.

COy *Scylla* ſweares that ſhe will neuer loue me,
Rayles at my rimes; and ſayes, that ſhe wil proue me
A traytor to the ſex: yet none ſhall find,
That I was euer falſe to woman kind,
She ſayes their ſecrets are diſcloſ'd by me,
And ſo condemnes me; yet in Charitie
I ſhould be quit, were women of my iurie,
Since 'twas in heat of bloud, and writ in Furie.

Finis.

VERTVES ENCOMIVM.

OR,

The Image of Honour.

Honor virtutis præmium.

LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby*.
1614.

TO THE MOST noble Ladie, the Ladie HONORIA HAY, wife to the right honourable the Lord HAY, *ſole daughter and heire to the right honourable the Lord* DENNIE.

THough (noble Ladie) in your Honors prayſe,
Beneath the ſhadow of your fauours wing
A ſweet *Silueſter* Nightingale doth ſing:
The graceful muſick, of whoſe heauenly laies,
From times beſts wits, now beares away the baies.
Yet (Beauties beſt) ſince meaneſt birds, each Spring,
To choiſeſt eares ſome pleaſing ſounds do bring;
Vouchſafe to heare my Muſe in her Eſſayes.
Where vrg'd by hope, thogh yet not free frō doubt
That once her ſiſters teares did fauour find,
Your Honours image heere doth portrait out,
As th'humble pledge of my true thankfull mind.
If that did erre, I hope in this alone;
Since Honours chiefe, this image is your owne.

Your Honors moſt
humbly deuoted
R. N.

To the Reader.

GEntlewomen) this laſt and leaſt part of my little labour, I conſecrate to you, the image of whoſe honour, though ſo excellent, that like that part of the picture of Venus left to poſteritie by Apelles, takes away all hope of imitating the ſame; Yet to acquit my ſelfe of that madneſſe, which the woman-hater doth indeuour to make mine, perhaps though more haſtily then happily, I haue here caſt off this image of Honour from the model of a woman, in honour of your ſex. To anſwer thoſe, that ſay, my pen drops gall againſt you in the firſt part, I deſire you to know that my Furies touch none but thoſe Apes of yours, ſuch I meane, who making no difference betwixt Swans and Geeſſe; becauſe they haue both white feathers, imitate only your faſhion not your vertues. If in what follower you find my ſtile too harſh for ſo ſweet a ſubiect, my forme too impoliſh for ſo faire an image, be pleaſed to know that I am limited to Epigrams, in which no pen can limme ſo faire a picture as your faire deſernes; ſuch as it is; if you reſpect it, I care not who reiect it, for, I put my ſelfe vnder your protection.

To

To the ſame right Honourable the Ladie
Honoria Hay, &c.

Epig. I.

VErtues, wits, beauties, riches perfect Honour)
Though my meeke Muſe to weake to take vpon her
Vertues Encomium, t' Epigrams confin'd;
Yet being bound to honour women kind,
And quit her ſelfe of late imputed blame,
Doth neere preſume to vſe your Honours name,
That women-hating madmen, that of late
Haue loſt their wits; yet ſtil retaine their hate,
By looking on you image, may reſtore
Their little wits and ſo be mad no more.

Epig. II.

Apoll.

HOnour is maſculine Gramarians ſay,
Nor by a woman pourtrait heere I may
Honours true image: yet the vertues all
Are feminine and Honour needs muſt fall
If vertue failes: 'tis vertues cheiſe reward;
Then women in this fœminine regard,
Since all the vertues doe attend vpon her,
I heere preſent, for th' image of true Honour.

Epig.

Epig. III.

In templum Honoris.

VPon a hill, whoſe height doth reach the ſtarres,
Honour hath raiſ'd her phane: true vertue barres
The paſſage to the ſame, whoſe Temple ſtands
In the mid-way. Without induſtrious hands,
Things great and glorious no man may attaine.
He that wil clime this hil to Honours phane,
Firſt, like the myſterie-ſupporting aſſe,
Through vertues temple muſt with patience paſſe.

Epig. IIII.

In habitum Honoris.

TImes Swan-white wings illuſtrate Honour weares,
With which frō earth ſhe mounts vnto the Spheares:
Truths azure robes are her immortall weeds,
Painted with Fames bright ſtar-made glorious deeds.
They then that Honour ſeeke by deeds of fame,
Through time and truth muſt firſt attempt the ſame.

Epig. V.

Æternitas. *In Caput.*

A Crowne of Roſes pluckt by her owne hand
From Fames faire tree, vpon her head doth ſtand
Whoſe amber treſſes flowing downe thereby,
Seeme golden enſignes of Eternitie.
He then that gets a tramell of that heare,
Or Roſe, for pledge of Honours grace to weare,
The gallant is, whom Fame ſhall eternize.
For Honours gifts are glorious in all eyes.

Epig. VI.

Fides. *In frontem.*

VPon that Chriſtall table of delight
The Iuorie front, Faith ſeemes in open ſight
To ſit in triumph with each heauenly grace,
Nere maskt, or hid beneath an other face:
And as the louely fronts rare formed feature
Moſt beautifies that angel-like faire creature:
So conſtant Faith more graces fame-grac'd Honour,
Then all the graces heauen beſtowes vpon her.

Epig. VII.

Spes. *In oculos.*

THe two ſtar-twinckling twins, thoſe lampes of light
The bodies ſentinels, ſo quick of ſight
Beneath her Chriſtal brow, hopes windowes are,
Out of the which when danger and deſpaire
Doe threaten miſchiefe, hope lookes vp at heauen,
From whence for her deare ſake all power is giuen,
When ſad diſpaire doth fill the heart with feares
In Honours eye, Hope moſt of all appeares;

Epig. VIII.

Charitas. *In Buccas.*

VPon the cheekes, on which, as on a bed,
Of ſnow-white Illies Roſes haue beene ſhed,
Sits, Charitie and with the ſweet delight
Of chearefull lookes, that feed the gazers ſight,
Where milke commixt with wine doth ſeeme to flow,
Her bountreous gifts doth chearefully beſtow;
Not dead but liuing Charitie, that giues
With chearful countenance honour'd euer liues.

Epig. IX.

Prudentia. *In labra.*

THe red-ſoft-ſilken lips, thoſe leaues of Roſe,
Are the two doores of Corrall, that incloſe
The cloſet vp, where prudence day and night
Doth worke vpon the honie of delight,
The which the Muſes thither bring with paine,
And after poores it through thoſe lips againe,
For Prudence ſelfe, her ſelfe doth honour'd proue,
When as thoſe lips be ſtil, or elſe doe moue.

Epig. X.

Iuſtitia. *In dentes.*

THe teeth, thoſe two euen rankes of pearle do ſeeme
To be the place, which Iuſtice doth eſteeme,
Who querne-like grinding not for their owne food,
So much as for the bodies common good,
Doe daily worke and though they daily weare,
Yet in the publike cauſe doe not forbeare,
True iuſtice heere on earth moſt Honour gaines,
When moſt for common good it ſuffers paines.

Epig.

Epig. XI.

Fortitudo. *In collum.*

THe neck, more white then ſnow on mountaine tops,
As Fortitudes faire columne vnderprops
Her Globe-like head; which though but ſmal in ſight,
With Maieſtie ſtill ſtately ſtands vpright;
If it doe bow, 'tis but to grace the frame
Which it ſupports: it neuer failes the ſame.
Honour true Fortitude then moſt eſteemes,
When Fortitude is more, then what it ſeemes.

Epig. XII.

Temperantia. *In mamillas.*

THoſe twin-like pretie buds of crimſon Roſe,
The daintie pappes, you may compare to theſe
Two ſprings of Temperance; which a little ſweld,
The milke of goodneſſe moderately doe yeild
To nurſe the vertues: powring out no more
Then will ſuffice, yet euer yeilding ſtore.
This part of Honour Temperance doth chuſe:
Amidſt her ſtore the golden meane to vſe.

Epig.

Epig. XIII.

Caſtitas. *In Pectus.*

THe ſnow-white breſt where vertue keeps the treaſure
Of golden thoughts, the garden is of pleaſure,
In which the flower of Chaſtitie doth ſprout;
Whoſe ſpreading leaues Honour laps vp from doubt
Of bitter blaſts, and keepes them curiouſly
From ſcorching of the Sunnes loue-burning eye.
Pure Chaſtities faire flower which doth grow
In Honours boſome, makes the goodlieſt ſhow.

Epig. XIIII.

Pudicitia. *In gremium.*

THe red-cheekt daughter of the bluſhing morne,
Sweet modeſtie, of all the World forlorne,
On Honours lap nurſt vp in ſafetie lies,
With vnknowne graces; hid from ſight of ſpies:
I thinke, except in Honours ſelfe alone,
Modeſtie's more imagined then knowne.

Epig. XV.

Concordia. *In Manus.*

THoſe Lille hands, when they with curious cunning
Doe touch the Lute or Viol with ſwift running,
Concord ſo ſweetly, that to heare ſuch ſounds,
Windes would be ſtil and Seas would keep their bounds:
And thoſe fiue Champion brethren, that doe ſtand
As arm'd with Iuorie helmes on either hand,
To guard the bodie ſafe doe all agree,
When any harmes by foes intended be.
Concord in peace, a Muſick is therefore;
In war a ſafetie honour'd euermore.

Epig. XVI.

Patientia. *In Crura.*

PAtience of all the vertues and the Arts
Is the maine prop. And as thoſe daintie parts
The neat-proportioned pillers, that doe beare
The bodie with quick motions heere and there,
For comely ſhape, are the moſt gracefull limmes:
So gentle patience all the vertues dimmes.
Cheiſe glorie by true patience Honour gaines:
Patience alone the vertues all ſuſtaines.

Epig.

Epig. XVII.

Humilitas. *In Pedes.*

LOw at the feet Humilitie doth reſts
Yet is a vertue equall to the beſt.
As the feetes feature, thoſe two pretie baſes,
That glorious creature woman no leſſe graces,
Then any part of all that goodly frame,
Nor leſſe doth pleaſe the eye that ſees the ſame:
So her Humilitie, which heere I place,
Loweſt of all with heauen's in higheſt grace.

Epig. XVIII.

HE that ſhall aske, what reaſon I can ſhew
Why vertue ſhould be Fœminine, may know;
The faire *Pandora*, vnto whom was giuen
Each ſeu'rall vertue by the Gods of heauen,
A woman was: who askes, what Honour is,
An Angel vpon earth and not amiſſe
Let him ſuppoſe; elſe Honour let him take,
For that *Pandora*, which the Gods did make.

TO THE VERTVOVS AND NOBLE LADY, THE LADY CHARITIE HOVVARD, wife to the nobly-deſcended Sir *Charles Howard* Knight, ſecond Sonne to the right *Honourable the Earle of Notingham*, &c.

VERTVES ENCOMIVM.

EPIG. XIX.

GOod, gracious, vertuous, all I can picke forth,
Are needleſſe attributes t'explaine your worth.
For (Nole Ladie) your owne proper name
Vniuocally doth expreſſe the ſame.
Deigne then, that I your Charitie *may place*
Among'ſt theſe few of vertues honour'd race:
And though I heere, vnfitly in rude rimes,
Preſent to you the labour of loſt times;
Yet at the leaſt theſe children looke vpon,
The naked Graces, ſure they be your own.
This, Ladie, pleaſe to know, that they be three,
And of true Charitie *the children be.*

Epig.

Epig. XX.

In Aglaiam.

As faire *Aglaia* is the firſt in birth,
So is ſhe firſt in bountie; and from mirth
Or true delight deriues her name: which ſhewes,
That what ſhe giues, ſhe chearefully beſtowes.
Naked ſhe is, that we by her may ſee
True benefits without impoſture bee:
Bathing in th' *Acidalian* ſpring ſhe ſayes,
Who giues, muſt giue for no reward or praiſe.
Who theſe three properties conceiues, muſt yeild
Aglaia to be Charities owne child.

Epig. XXI.

In Thaliam.

Thalia is the next, a noble Grace,
Belou'd of God and man, and takes her place
At Bounties ſhrine, there offering thankes and prayſe.
For hating groſſe ingratitude, ſhe ſayes,
From euer-flouriſhing, I take my name,
That gifts in mind receiu'd, may, as the ſame,
Be euer greene; for vnto Charitie
Ingratitude is cheifeſt enimie.
Therefore this name *Thalia* ſhe did giue,
The ſecond Grace, that grace might euer liue.

Epig. XXII.

In Euphroſynem.

Euphroſyne is, though the laſt of three,
A Grace not leaſt belou'd of Charitie,
She's her delight. *Euphroſyne* therefore
Shee calles her name: and as the firſt before
Giues chearfully, the ſecond thankfu'l takes,
This third a double reſtitution makes.
Since then theſe three true Charitie explaine,
To giue, to take, and to reſtore againe;
The Graces t'all from Charitie ſay this,
Giue, take, reſtore, and neuer doe amiſſe.

To the Patterne of Vertue and Paragon of Beautie, the Ladie *Margaret Smith*, *wife to the right Worſhipfull Sir* RICHARD SMITH.

EPIG. XXIII.

SInce Beauties faire ſtrikes blind the eyes of thoſe,
That vnto beautie are but ſeeming foes:
Since Vertue doth conuince them being blind,
That are but ſeeming foes to women kind:
(Mirrour of beautie and of vertue both,)
My humble Muſe vnknowne, and therefore loth
T'attempt your name, yet knowing well your worth,
Meekly craues leave, that ſhe may portrait forth
Your beautie and your vertue, not to flatter,
But to oppoſe't againſt our woman hater.
For not ſo much your owne worth, as in you
The worth of women, I preſent to veiw:
In whoſe defence your name ſhall ſtand in ſight,
Like Beauties pearle or Vertues Margarite.
Which to behold, pleaſe to reflect your eye
Vpon theſe three, Vnus, Vnam, Vni.

Epig.

Epig. XXIIII.

Vnus.

ONe more then excellent, we know, did make
One woman excellent, whom we may take
To be the *Margarite*, and gaue that woman
The ſame which with the *Margarite* is common:
Beautie he gaue to her. The *Margarite*
Excels all other things, for Chriſtall bright:
He gaue the woman vertue to ſuſtaine
That Beautie giuen. Such vertue doth remaine
In this faire pearle or *Margarite*, that none
'Mongſt gems moſt precious of more worth is knowne.
For which 'gainſt enuie, in all womens right,
We may preſent the precious *Margarite*.

Epig. XXV.

Vnam.

ONe woman made was giu'n to one man,
Which in the *Margarite* wiſe nature can,
And doth expreſſe. The woman men doe honour,
For thoſe chaſt thoughts which doe attend vpon her
Affecting only one. The *Margarite*
Doth neuer proſper being indiſcrete,
Or ſeparated by it ſelfe alone:
Which cauſ'd the Romans call it Vnion.
For which 'gainſt enuie heere in womans right,
We may preſent the precious *Margarite*.

Epig.

Vertues Encomium.

Epig. XXVI.

Vni.

TO one alone one woman thus was giuen,
That man might take it, as a gift from heauen:
And keep it euer with ſuch care and loue,
That from it nothing ſhould his heart remoue.
The precious *Margarite* all men doe couet,
And hauing gain'd it, doe ſo dearely loue it,
No Coffer, Cabinet, can be ſo ſtrong,
As they doe thinke to keepe it ſafe from wrong,
With men therefore let women haue this right,
That euery one may be a *Margarite*.

TO

TO THE MIRROR OF TRVE *Conſtancie, the Ladie* Elizabeth Cleere *wife to the* Noble Gentleman deceaſed Sir FRANCIS CLERE Knight.

Epiſ. XXVII.

TRue perfect image of that ancient worth
Deriu'd from parents at your happie birth
Yet grac'd in mind with heauens more faire perfection:
Grant that my Muſe, who vnder your protection
Englands Eliza *once did ſafely ſing,*
May in the ranke of honor'd women bring
Your worthie ſelfe, that of your Vertues Cleare
To women-hating want-wits may appeare.
So, noble Ladie, ſhall my Muſe goe free
From enuies touch: for men in you ſhall ſee
What ſome men ſay is wanting in your kind,
In your faire Clere *ſuch worth ſhall all men find,*

In

In obitum benigniſsimi omnique gratiarum genere cumulatiſsimi viri *Franciſci Clere* Militis, &c.

EPIG. XXVIII.

IF't be a vertue, ſpeaking vertues prayſe,
The ſleeping vertues of the dead to raiſe,
(Vertues dead liuing mirror) leaue I craue
To ope the entrance to thy honor'd graue.
Cleros *his name was giuen at his birth;*
For liuing, he was vertues heire on earth.
Cleros *his name to him ſtill dead is giuen;*
For heere though dead, he liues an heire in Heauen.
On earth his vertue's cleere from enuies blame:
In heauen he ſhines a ſtarre Clere *as his name.*

TO

TO THE VERTVOVS AND MY *euer honoured Ladie, the Ladie* Margaret Wroth, wife to the right Worshipfall Sir *Thomas Wroth,* Knight.

EPIG. XXIX.

VVIts second vnto none, worthes excellence)
My pen oblig'd by that due reuerence
I owe to you, craues leaue by you to show.
What honour to your sex all men doe owe
The sparkling gem, whose worth all men esteeme,
The precious Pearle, which all men rich doe deome,
The dazie which men call the dayes delight,
All three the Romans title Margarite.
Much worth is in the gem, that beares that name,
More worth in you that double beare the same:
Rich is that pearle; but Rich is more your due:
Faire is that flowre, but farre more faire are you:
This may suffice, who seekes, in you shall find,
All faire, Rich, Worth, in bodie name and mind.

TO

In obitum nobiliſsimi benigniſsimique viri nuper defuncti ROBERTI WROTH Militis, &c.

EPIG. XXX.

WOrthes chiefe is dead, ſince worthie he is gone,
Who of that name moſt worthie was alone;
(Yee poore and hungrie all) his graue goe find,
That holds the bodie of ſo faire a mind.
There ſit yee downe and ſigh for bountie dead:
Bountie with that braue Knight to Heauen is fled:
Where ſince he came, heauen as it doth appeare,
Wanting a ſtarre to ſet by bounteous Clere;
In Wroth *did place the O before the R,*
And made it Worth, which ſince is made a ſtar.

TO

To all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen.

EPIG, XXXI.

EArthes faireſt figures of the Saints in Heauen,
T' whoſe angel-like rare beauties powre is giuen,
Their healthes to dying men for to reſtore,
And ſtrike them dead, that had their healthes before:
Giue life vnto theſe lines, with gracious view,
Where though your Honours prayſes want their due;
Yet Honours image your enſample be,
And euermore be honoured of me.
My Muſe for vertue women ſhall adore:
A meaneſt Epigram can ſay no more.

FINIS.